

THE WIVYER

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"I'd no help for it but to walk steadily on"—p. 547.

TWO STORIES IN ONE.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "SHIRLEY HALL ASYLUM," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE BABY'S KNITTED SOCK.

WHEN alone in my own room the evening of the day M. Dubarry called, I attempted to draw out for myself some settled course of life during the months which were to elapse before M. de Vernieu

returned to England. In one respect his absence would for the future be more painful to bear than it had hitherto been; for during the past six months I had indirectly heard from him on three occasions.

The subject connected with the emigrant branch of his family being now thoroughly exhausted, he would have no excuse for writing to my father, and unless the attaché should call, and I could gain some information from him, it was more than probable I should hear nothing of my lover till I met him again. The prospect was certainly a sad one, but the philosophy which teaches us it is impossible to avoid a certainty which is decreed to befall us, came to my aid, and whispered the necessity of courage and patience.

I accepted its counsels, and resolved to follow them; and I flatter myself to a very considerable extent I succeeded. My ordinary health returned, and before the end of a week there was nothing different in my appearance to what it had been a month before, except perhaps that I had become a little more thoughtful.

If the attaché's visit had had a beneficial effect on my mind, I am sorry to say on my brother's it had acted in a totally different manner. During the short time Edmond had been in the business, his love for a military life appeared to have considerably abated, but it had now returned in full force. Although he never spoke on the subject in my father's presence, when I was alone with him he talked of little else.

One morning he was sent by my father on some commission to a silk mercer residing I think in Pall Mall. Edmond left home about nine o'clock in the morning, and it was nearly one o'clock when he returned, although my father had requested him to use all the diligence in his power. My father, whose policy it was to say as little as possible that might disgust Edmond with the business, merely called his attention to the lateness of the hour, but I could easily perceive by the expression of his countenance that he was by no means pleased with my brother's behaviour. In the evening, when Edmond and I were sitting together, I asked him the cause of his having been so long on his errand.

"To tell you the truth, Clara," he said, "though I don't want my father to know it, on leaving the silk mercer's I heard the sound of a military band, and I perceived a little distance off the Foot Guards marching into St. James's Palace, about to relieve those on duty there. Well, the temptation was too great for me, and I joined the crowd that entered after the soldiers, and there I remained listening to the music till it was over, and afterwards I accompanied them to their barracks. What a magnificent set of fellows they are! Why, the height of my ambition would be to be a corporal in such a regiment. It would be a thousand times better than handing out bobbins to the weavers or silk for organ-zines, and trams to the warpers."

I now perceived the bias which was taking root in Edmond's mind, and whenever afterwards he spoke on subjects connected with a military life, I contrived if possible to turn it off. This had but little effect, for a few days afterwards he asked my father's

consent to have the morning to himself, as he wished to visit some acquaintance at the west end of the town. My father readily granted his request, and it was late in the afternoon before Edmond returned.

I afterwards discovered that the visit he wished to pay was to one of those of his schoolfellows who had received cadetships. There had been a review in Hyde Park that morning, and Edmond and his friend had remained there the whole of the time. Frequently afterwards did he touch on his love of a military life, and would bitterly deplore to me his father's determination not to obtain for him, if not a commission in the army, at least a cadetship in the East India Company's service.

I must now return to Alice. We heard occasionally from her, though we did not visit her again for some little time. Derigny, since he had been employed in my father's establishment, was generally, after he had done his work, the medium of communication between us. From the intelligence he brought us, Alice's worldly affairs seemed to be prosperous, though this conclusion he only arrived at from what he saw, and not from what he was told, for Alice, with her habitual caution, appeared to be somewhat reserved in speaking to him of her affairs, although she always received him with civility. She had known something of him before she married, she was also aware of his drinking propensities, and very justly concluded that a man addicted to intemperate habits was not the person to be entrusted with any very private matter. And here, to do Derigny justice, I must mention that since he had entered my father's warehouse, he had not been guilty of one act of intemperance, and the results were now pleasingly visible in the present comfort of his wife and family, who were in better circumstances than they had been in for many years before.

One morning, on his return from Lambeth, Derigny brought me a note from Alice, telling me that she had become a mother about a week before, and that her child was a little daughter. She proposed that she should call her baby Clara after me, and requested that I would stand godmother to it. I immediately wrote to her in reply, congratulating her on the event, and accepting with pleasure the office of godmother to her infant. I told her that if the christening was to come off soon she had better get some one to stand proxy for me, as I was suffering from a severe cold, and would be unable to leave the house for some time. On Derigny's next visit he brought me back word that the infant had been baptised, and that it had been named after me. During the next six weeks we heard nothing more of Alice, as we were waiting for an opportunity to pay her a visit ourselves.

At last one fine morning my mother proposed that we should go to Lambeth, and to this I willingly assented, not only for the sake of seeing Alice, but to form an acquaintance with my little godchild, who, Derigny told me, was a remarkably beautiful baby.

We took with us one of those conventional christening mugs usually presented by godparents to their godchildren. I had had engraved on it an inscription to the effect that it was presented by Clara Levesque to her godchild, Clara Morgan, 17th October, 18—.

On arriving at the house Alice opened the door to us, and to our great surprise she appeared dressed in deep mourning. Before we had sufficiently recovered from our astonishment to speak to her, we noticed her eyes fill with tears and her lips quiver. She could not speak to us, but merely stood aside to let us enter. When in the parlour, neither my mother nor I had courage to ask her for whom she was in mourning.

"I suppose, ma'am," said Alice, as soon as we had sat down, "you have heard of our misfortune?"

"Indeed I have not," said my mother. "Tell me what it is."

"My poor baby is dead," she replied, bursting into tears.

For some time we tried in vain to console her, but at last having succeeded, she gave us a somewhat incoherent statement of the manner in which the child's death occurred.

"You see, ma'am," she said, "Parkinson, with whom my husband is in partnership, now lives at Chelsea, and is in better circumstances than he used to be. Now as John wasn't to come home till very late one evening, and as I'm very fond of Mrs. Parkinson, I thought I'd take my poor baby to her, for she was such a fine child I wanted her to see it, and it was agreed that John should come and fetch me in the evening. Well, ma'am, I waited there till it was near eleven o'clock, still John didn't arrive, nor did Parkinson return home. I now thought I'd better not stay any longer, so wrapping up baby as warm as I could, I started on my way home. When I'd left in the morning it was a beautiful clear day, but as night came on the weather changed, and a bitterly cold east wind was then blowing. To add to my troubles, when I was half way home, it began to pour with rain. I tried to get a coach, but couldn't see one anywhere, and I'd no help for it but to walk steadily on, keeping baby as well wrapped up as I could. But by the time we got home the poor little thing was quite wet, and I found I'd lost one of her socks on the road. I put her to bed, and then John came in soon after. Well, ma'am, the following morning the poor little thing seemed very ill, and was in a high fever, so I sent for a doctor. He did all he could for her, but in spite of everything the next day she died."

Whilst Alice was speaking, I noticed in her open workbox on the table a little knitted sock. Alice had remarked me looking at it, and then taking up the sock she showed it to me, saying that it was the fellow to the one the poor child had lost the night she came home from Chelsea.

"I shall keep this in remembrance of her," she continued, "as long as I live"—and she kept her word.

As soon as we could conveniently do so, we changed the conversation, and made many inquiries of her concerning her husband and domestic affairs generally. She gave us a very glowing account of her husband's doings, that he and Parkinson had accepted several sub-contracts together, all of which had been very remunerative. Parkinson now behaved very well, although she could not say she altogether liked him. It was no doubt very wrong of her, she said, but still she could not help it. He had not as yet advised her husband to take any contracts that appeared too speculative, and if they continued in this manner, no doubt all would end well.

"John, who is sharp-sighted enough," she continued, "is in high spirits at the prospects opening before him. He works day and night—all day by his exertions, and all night by his headwork. So satisfactory have been the profits that he proposed we should take a better house; but I reminded him it would be wiser to get 'Ball in the stable' first, and then to launch out. All the money he can get together he wants for the business, so it's better to employ it in that way than in useless luxury. Well, ma'am, John listened to all I said, and saw the truth of my arguments. And had it not been for the loss of my baby, which I shall fret about to the last hour of my life, I have everything to be thankful for."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SILVER CHRISTENING MUG.

ALTHOUGH I restrained my feelings during the time I was in Alice's house, I felt bitterly the loss she had sustained. Nay, more—possibly I might have reasoned with myself that some day it might be my own lot, and I readily imagined how keenly a shock of the kind would be felt by me. Of course it would have been little better than mockery to have presented Alice with the silver mug. However kind my intentions, the gift would have been a cruel one, perpetually reminding her of the dear little one she had lost. What to do with the mug at first somewhat puzzled me, but my mother suggested that it should be exchanged at the jeweller's from whom we bought it for some other present more suitable for Alice. At first I assented, but on consideration I determined to keep it as a memento of my little godchild. Fearing, however, that possibly Alice, when she visited us, might become aware of the fact, I had the name erased, so that it would not lead any of the servants to know for what intention it had been purchased. I afterwards bought some suitable present for Alice, but what it was I do not now remember.

Four of the five months since the visit of the attaché, announcing that M. De Vernieul had been obliged to proceed with his regiment to Africa, had now passed. The passive resignation under which I had at first remained now began gradually to leave me, and a happy excitement supplied its place. Since the attaché's visit above alluded to, he had paid us one other; and that, though with an excuse similar to the former, was really to inform me that my lover was well, and looking forward with pleasure to the expiration of the year, when he should return to Europe. On this second visit of the attaché, Edmond fortunately did not see him, he being from home at the time—a circumstance which afforded me great satisfaction, as, from his frequent conversations on military matters, I knew his love for a soldier's life had in no way diminished. Moreover, when Edmond returned home and heard of the attaché's visit, he expressed great regret at having missed seeing him, as he much wanted to have some further conversation with him about a soldier's life in Africa.

The last month of my probation was now ended; and being under the firm conviction that M. de Vernieul would return to England as soon as possible after the year had passed, and knowing the importance of a first impression, I already began to study what dress I should wear when I first met him after his arrival. I do not think I had ever given so much attention to any article of costume in my life as I did about the pattern and make of that morning dress—for I felt certain M. de Vernieul would pay a morning visit the first time he came. From a child, my mother had inculcated that every lady ought to be taught the use of her needle, as, if necessary, she could make her own dresses, and if her circumstances were such as to render that unnecessary, she would still be possessed of one feminine accomplishment the more. Thanks to my mother's instructions, I was a good needlewoman, and up to this time had always made my own morning dresses, but the one I was to appear in when M. de Vernieul paid us his first visit after his return from abroad, I determined should be made by the same milliner who had made the dresses for the two balls I went to at the French Embassy. The order was given, and on the morning of the day named the dressmaker called to try on my dress. She was sent up to my bedroom, where I soon joined her. As she drew from the box the yet unfinished dress, I could perceive she had designed it in very excellent taste, and I complimented her on her handiwork.

We now proceeded to fit on the dress, and the body had already begun to assume a semi-metallic appearance, from the number of pins she had put in it, when a knock was heard at my bedroom door.

"Who is there?" I inquired.

"Oh! if you please, miss, a French gentleman has called, and he's in the drawing-room with your papa and mamma. They told me to tell you."

I immediately recognised the foreign gentleman as the attaché, and knowing that he had called with some news about M. de Vernieul, I told the milliner I must leave her for a moment, and go down-stairs, but that I would return in a very short time. I said this with such vivacity that the poor little dressmaker seemed so utterly aghast, it was a mercy she did not swallow some of the pins of which, at the moment, her mouth was full. Taking off my pin-bespangled body with so much haste as to endanger its integrity, I hastily put on the dress I had been wearing, and after glancing at the mirror to see all was right, I descended to the drawing-room.

On opening the door, judge of my amazement at finding it was not the attaché who had called, but M. de Vernieul himself. I was so struck with astonishment, that for some moments I stood still, without either advancing or retreating. Fortunately, at first no one saw me, so interested were my father and mother in their conversation with him. The next moment, however, my father turned round, and misinterpreting the expression of my countenance, said to me, "Do you not remember M. de Vernieul, my dear? He visited us two or three times last year and has written to me several letters since."

Seeing the necessity of placing a restraint on my feelings, I smiled somewhat artificially, and advancing towards M. de Vernieul, offered him my hand. Although he received it in the gentle manner a well-bred Frenchman receives a compliment of the kind offered him by a lady, there was a momentary emphatic pressure with his fingers which told me, more significantly than perhaps words could have done, how dear I was to him. We now sat down, and I began rapidly to recover my self-possession, attempting to behave to M. de Vernieul as I would to any other gentleman with whom I was acquainted, and who was on a visit to my parents.

"Do you think M. de Vernieul much altered since we last saw him?" said my father to my mother.

"Very little indeed," replied my mother. "He appears in better health, and somewhat tanned by the sun; otherwise I do not notice any difference."

I did, although I said nothing. Handsome as he had appeared to me before he left England, he was more so now—at least, in my eyes. Formerly, perhaps to the fastidious eye there might have been somewhat too much of the *petit maitre* about him, for his dress was not only in good taste, but he appeared particular in the extreme—a failing, perhaps, but little objected to by young ladies in their admirers. He had now, though dressed in good taste, less of the dandy about him, and more of the soldier. In person, too, he seemed more athletic, with more of the warrior about him; and although the sun of Africa had certainly bronzed his complexion, it had but served to set off the better a beautiful set of teeth. If ever girl was proud of the appearance of

her admirer, I had reason to be of mine at that moment.

My father asked him now some questions about the Baron de Vernieul, his father, and whether he was fully satisfied with the information which had been obtained for him respecting the branch of his family which had emigrated to England. M. de Vernieul replied that his father was not only fully satisfied, but desired to express his gratitude for the great trouble my father had taken. They continued conversing on the subject a short time longer, when my father inquired whether the baron was on his estates in Normandy, or in Paris at the present time. To all these questions M. de Vernieul gave clear but somewhat short answers, and at length, seeing my father persevered in continuing the conversation, he admitted that on his return from Africa he had seen but little of the baron. He had, he said, paid him a visit in Normandy, and found his father had the same day started for Paris. He had followed him, but his father was to leave Paris the next day, so that they had very little time together. He knew, therefore, scarcely anything about the baron's movements, although he expected to hear from him shortly on a subject of importance.

I must say that for a moment I felt considerable uneasiness, but the next, the glance M. de Vernieul gave me completely reassured me. My brother Edmond now joined us, and I was delighted to notice the frank and cordial manner he used when addressing M. de Vernieul. There was not about it that appearance of affectation which he had used when in his company the last time they had met. Edmond's behaviour on the present occasion gave me great satisfaction, and from it I augured that a good understanding would exist between them for the future.

In a short time the conversation turned on Algiers and military matters in general, M. de Vernieul, nothing loth, replying with great readiness to all Edmond's questions; and these were certainly not few in number—in fact, Edmond and M. de Vernieul had almost the whole of the conversation to themselves, for my father and mother, to whom the subject was not particularly palatable, sat silently by, though listening attentively to all that was said. It is more

than probable that M. de Vernieul's conversation was rather intended for me than my brother; and if Edmond listened to it with avidity, his eagerness was trifling in comparison with my own. He went through with more or less minuteness all subjects connected with tent life in the desert, all of which would possibly be totally uninteresting to the reader, however much at the moment they interested me. He spoke of the Arabs and their mode of life, mentioning the Arab women in terms of great disparagement. Edmond then again brought forward military matters, evidently to the disapprobation of my mother, who attempted to divert the conversation to some other subject. She asked M. de Vernieul how he contrived to amuse himself in the desert, as she feared he must have led a very dull life there.

"I should have done so, certainly," he replied, "had it not been for an occupation I took up, and in which I found very great pleasure."

"And what was that?" asked my mother.

"Learning the English language."

"Indeed!" said my father, with surprise; "how did you find a master?"

"We had an English soldier in our regiment—a man of some education—so I sent to Algiers for some books, and made him teach me. On the occasion of my last visit to England I found the inconvenience of not being able to speak the language, and I determined to learn it as soon as I could."

"Do you intend remaining long in England?" inquired my father.

"I hope to be able to do so," replied M. de Vernieul, glancing at me at the time with the rapidity of lightning. "It entirely depends on the success of an object I have in hand. If I succeed, I may remain a long time."

M. de Vernieul soon after rose to take his leave, my father saying, as he did so, "We shall always be glad to see you, M. de Vernieul, when you have no better occupation, or when you want a lesson in English. On your future visits I think I must prohibit the French language being spoken."

M. de Vernieul warmly thanked my father for the invitation, and then left us.

(To be continued.)

"SHE LOVED MUCH."

BY THE REV. E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

I.

FOR as when lightning flashes break
The weight long settled on the air,
Repentance lifted from her heart
The cloud and burden sin left there.

II.

As lightning and its latter rain
Make sunshine sweeter than before,

Her tears that fell with conscience flame—
Made love the sweeter and made more.

III.

The storm was o'er, that inward storm;
And she had heard His voice above
Her fears and tremblings where she fell;
He touched her shame and made it love.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF GRACE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., VICAR OF CLERKENWELL.

"My stock lies low, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without cease
Drop from above!"

"Come! for thou dost know the way.
Or, if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
'Drop from above!'"

IN our preceding paper, on "Illustrations of Faith," we found that faith is the effort of the soul. "Grace"—our present subject—is the "gift of God." Both are included in that text—"By grace are ye saved through faith" (Eph. ii. 8). Grace is a *gift*; it is the *free gift* of God. The word is akin to another expression which we have incorporated into our language—*gratis*, which means "for nothing."

We have sinned against God. We are thus placed in the hands of Justice. Mercy is altogether out of court. Jesus comes, and dies for sin, and by his death atones for it. Justice is satisfied, and pardon, free pardon, given. It is the grace of God that has thus provided the sacrifice; it is the grace of God that accepts the atonement thus procured; and thus it comes to pass that we are "saved by grace."

Pentecost was a gracious time; and it is Pentecost still. That great Day of the Spirit (Acts ii. 1) was the beginning of the Dispensation of the Spirit; and that dispensation has continued ever since. Christ in his bodily presence came to do a work, and when that work was accomplished, he departed, in his bodily presence, to his Father's glory. In his stead the Spirit came, to abide with us *for ever*. This Spirit is "the Spirit of grace." This is one of his many titles, and indicates one of the nearest and dearest of his spiritual relationships to man. He is called the Spirit of "love," and of "truth," and of "holiness," and of "joy," and of "consolation;" but here we regard him as "the Spirit of grace."

There are two ways in which we may view the subject of "grace"—as from without, or from within. There is the grace of God—the great motive of Divine goodness, the ever-active power of Divine grace. It is of this that one of our familiar hymns records—

"Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man," &c.

Then there is also the grace of the Spirit of God imparted to us. This is grace within—*implanted* grace. The one is grace working *for* us; the other is grace working *in* us. The one brings us to Christ; the other keeps us there. The one

calls us to our inheritance; the other fits us for it. The one makes us the children of God; the other educates us, so as that we shall be worthy of that relationship—"meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Col. i. 12).

Grace is "illustrated" chiefly under the emblem of "oil" in its many uses and purposes. Hence the frequent allusions in the Scriptures to the "*unction*" of the Spirit, the "*anointing*" of the Spirit, &c. &c. This emblem, or "illustration," of grace is suggestive of many thoughts and instructive reflections; such, for example, as these—

Oil is used for *illuminating*—oil for the lamps. It was this that made all the difference between the wise and the foolish virgins, as in the parable of our Lord—the possession or the non-possession of the oil. All the virgins had lamps, and all had even light in their lamps; but only the wise virgins "took oil in their vessels *with their lamps*." Oil is for illuminating, but not in the same sense as fire. Oil is the *cause* of illumination; fire is only the *effect*. The lamp that is fed by the supply of oil continues to burn, and to yield its light; if there is no oil, the lamp goes out. Thus, as fire is the outward illumination, so the oil is the inward source or cause of the illuminating. And the continuance of the fire and light depends upon the continuance of the supply of oil. And as we use the supply, so we receive again. As the lamp of faith and love burns, and exhausts the oil supplied, so God replenishes the lamp—"grace for grace" (John i. 16).

Oil is also the emblem of the inward *sustaining* power. This is significantly "illustrated" in the "Pilgrim's Progress," as in that scene in the Interpreter's House, "the Fire Burning against the Wall." There stood one beside the burning fire, pouring water upon it, and "yet did the fire burn higher and hotter." The secret of this was soon disclosed, for at the other side of the wall was One having "a vessel of oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast, but secretly, into the fire." This, then, is the flame of Divine love in the heart. Satan strives to extinguish it; but "many waters cannot quench it," for it is secretly fed with the oil of Divine grace. The reassuring word is ever ready—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

Hence was this emblem of "oil" used as a type of the Spirit under the law of Moses—"Thou shalt command the children of Israel, that they bring thee pure oil olive beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn *always*" (Exod. xxvii. 20). How meet an emblem of the illuminating and sustaining Spirit—"oil," "pure oil," "beaten oil," and to

"burn always!" The lamp of God in the shrine of the heart must never go out; and to this end it must be ever and always supplied with the oil of grace.

The oil of the sanctuary was to be *purified*, and purified by *preparation*. It was to be "beaten oil." The olive berries, like grapes, were to be *pressed*—sometimes this was done by stones, sometimes by the hands, and sometimes, as in the wine-vat, by the feet. The more the olive-berries were pressed, beaten, or trodden, the more pure was the oil. Yes, the oil of hard discipline is the purest and the best. Just as the gold that has passed through the hottest process of the refiner's fire is the purest, so the oil that has undergone the heaviest pressure and "tribulation" (ἐλπίς—Rom. viii. 35) is that which burns the brightest in the temple of this body, in the sanctuary of the soul.

In its spiritual significance, its meaning is—no inferior oil, but the purest and the best, for the purest and holiest purposes. If we are to "let our light so shine before men," the lamp must be burning, *ever burning*, with the flame of holy love—giving, not only light, but a *perpetuity* of light. It must be fed from the deep fountain of the rock, from presses bursting forth with fresh oil. This unction is provided by the Spirit, is prepared by the Spirit, is purified by the Spirit; and as it is given by the Spirit, it must be sought of the Spirit. And so it is commanded to you who are of the true Israel of God, that ye "bring pure oil olive, beaten for the light." Obedience to this command is the wisdom of the wise; the neglect of it is the folly of the foolish.

And when the dearth of the unwise is discovered, and a supply is desired of those who have the oil, but is refused, because they have no more than they have urgent need of, then the folly of the foolish becomes more and more apparent; for they propose, and even proceed, to *buy it*! But the spiritual oil can neither be bought nor sold; it is not found in any market; it is "*the gift of God*." The oil of grace is, therefore, free. It is to be had *now* for the faithful asking. It cannot be had *then* at all, for then the door shall be shut!

Oil was used for *nourishment and food*. Thus the widow's cruse of oil was multiplied in time of famine for sustenance (1 Kings xvii. 12). And so doth God increase and multiply our scanty store, and still continues to feed us in times of spiritual dearth and famine with never-failing supplies of the nourishing oil of grace.

Oil was used for purposes of *medicine*. This was its healing power. The good Samaritan poured "oil and wine" into the wounds of the wounded man; and the apostles, after the manner of physicians, "anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them" (Mark vi. 13). And thus the Spirit pours the healing balm of grace into the

soul, and when the whole head is sick, the whole heart faint, the oil of grace revives the soul, and it is refreshed and healed.

Oil has a *comforting* as well as healing influence. Thus the Spirit counsels the Church of Laodicea—"Anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see" (Rev. iii. 18); and the lowest state of man's spiritual disease is as described by the prophet—"Wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment" (Isa. i. 6). And is not the peculiar office of the Holy Spirit indicated in the name of "Comforter?" As such he gives of his anointing to his members. The Spirit anoints Jesus, and Jesus anoints his people—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me . . . to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning," &c. (Isa. lxi. 1-3).

Oil was employed in the *appointment to public offices*, such, for example, as those of prophet, and priest, and king. It was by the anointing with oil that men were set apart and designated for these public trusts and responsibilities. And a special oil was specially provided and prepared for the anointing of priests and of the furniture of the tabernacle (Exod. xxx. 23-38). The prescription for this is specially appointed; it was to be compounded by the priests, and by no one else; and was to be used for this one purpose, and this only—the anointing of priests and of the tabernacle. And is there not great spiritual significance in all this? It is by the anointing of the Spirit, the unction of the Holy One, that we are to be consecrated as "priests unto God." Jesus, our High Priest, has been himself "anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows," and we are now invited to become partakers of his anointing. How remarkable an "Illustration of Grace" is that of the Psalmist—"It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments" (Ps. cxxxiii. 2).

Oil was, moreover, used for its *preserving and pervading* power. As a preserving power, it is useful to man; it keeps what would otherwise perish. It also penetrates through and through; it sinks deep, travels far, and saturates everything it touches. Thus also is it that the Spirit of grace pervades the conscience, the soul, the life; it saturates the whole man with its penetrating influence, and consecrates and preserves God's people for himself.

Oil was used also for purposes of *beautifying*—"And oil to make his face to shine" (Ps. civ. 15). It was an emblem of *friendly reproof*—"Let the righteous reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil" (Ps. cxli. 5). It expressed, as an emblem, all that comfort, and joy, and consciousness of the

Spirit's presence and protection that is included in that pregnant sentence of the Psalmist—"Thou anointest my head with oil" (Ps. xxiii. 5).

Now, in all these forms and modes of "Illustration" is the grace of God set forth, as acting upon the soul of man. In a word, grace is "the power of the Holy Ghost"—an illuminating and sustaining power; costly, and yet free; purely and elaborately prepared; nourishing to the soul, as its very food; a healing balm to the sick; comforting and generous to the weary and wounded ones; the power by which we are anointed as "kings and priests unto God;" the preserving and pervading power, by which we are "sanctified wholly," and the "whole spirit and soul and body preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Thess. v. 23). All these "illustrations," too, are included in that ancient and exhaustive hymn of the Christian Church, the "Veni Creator"—

"Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace," &c.

True grace lives as any other life. It is a living principle, planted in the soil of the human heart. It grows there, as a seed or a root. The true mark of progress in religion is growth in grace. It is the secret seed-growth, as described in the parable—"First the blade, then the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear" (Mark iv. 28). And it is not merely a life that *grows*, but it is a life that *communicates* itself. It touches others, and influences them. It is like the circle on the bosom of the lake—widening and spreading ever; and like the particles of quicksilver, easily and naturally blending one with another.

Grace is also represented as an ornament and glory—"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck" (Prov. i. 8, 9). Grace is the true adorning—"The hidden man of the heart, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price" (1 Peter iii. 4). It even adorns our talk and conversation—"Let your speech be always *with grace*, seasoned with salt" (Col. iv. 6). And such is the communicating power of grace that, if our speech be "with grace," it doth "minister grace" to them that hear it (Eph. iv. 29).

Saving grace differs from *seeming* grace; as, indeed, every counterfeit differs from that which is

genuine and true. There are common stones that sparkle, as well as jewels. Stage jewels are not true, but are only *seemingly* true. "All's not gold that glitters." There is such a thing as "sounding brass;" there are "tinkling cymbals;" there are empty pitchers. Profession is not possession; foliage is not fruit; the outward garniture is not the inward excellence.

I will conclude this paper with an "Illustration of Grace" which seems to me to embody all and everything that grace is, or that grace is like—from Zech. iv. 2—6. It is the vision of "a candlestick all of gold"—the golden candlestick, as in the Temple. This is the emblem of the Church of God; and, individually, it represents each and every Christian man. Upon the top of the candlestick is "a bowl"—the reservoir for the oil. There are "seven lamps thereon"—the individual churches, or individual Christians; "and seven pipes to the seven lamps"—the means of grace. Now, whence is the supply of oil to this candlestick of gold? Hear the words of the vision—"And two olive-trees by it, one upon the right side of the bowl, and the other upon the left side thereof." Ay, this is the source of the perennial supply—the "two olive-trees!" No merely mechanical supply, nothing precarious, or dependent upon circumstances. It is not a supply by hand, which might possibly be forgotten; nor from the olive-press, which might possibly fail; nor is it dependent on the watchfulness or vigilance of any one, even the most wakeful, who might possibly fall asleep, and so neglect his duty. It is none of these; but "two olive-trees"—rooted and grounded and growing, and ever producing the oil, which, as it is produced, is ever flowing over in a ceaseless supply, from the living source of the living trees, into that golden bowl; and from that golden bowl into the golden pipes; and from those pipes into the golden lamps; and in those golden lamps that oil gives its perpetual light—light as ceaseless as its source. Oh, how this explains those words of Jesus—"Ye in me, and I in you!" And the whole moral of the vision is afterwards expressed by the prophet—"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. iv. 6). Yes, grace is the gift of the Spirit; and it is only as the Spirit bestows, and as we receive; only as the Spirit is in communication with us, and we with the Spirit; as the "two olive-trees" are in communion with the golden bowl and pipes and lamps of the candlestick—only thus that we can receive true grace, and our lamp burn, and our light shine—"Ye have an unction from the Holy One. . . . But the anointing ye have received of him abideth in you" (1 John ii. 20, 27).



(Drawn by W. RICE BUCKMAN.)

"Come, ladybird, and wind thy arms
Round old grandfather now"—p. 554.

LADYBIRD.



OME, ladybird, and wind thy arms
Round old grandfather now;
And lay thy sunny, flaxen curls
Against his wrinkled brow.

There is to me in thy young face
An ever-binding spell;
Thy merry laugh and joyous smile
Of childhood's gambols tell.

Thy dancing step upon the stair,
Thy roguish mirth and glee,
Remind me of departed days,
And bring fresh charms to me;

Recalling all the memories
Of gladsome youth's bright time;
When my young careless spirit owned
A heart as gay as thine.

My little lady! ah! for thee
The year has just begun;
The spring's fair buds are opening,
The summer's yet to come,

But gone the summer, love, to me,
And autumn glories fled;
For now the snows of winter-time
Are scattered o'er my head.

But, ladybird, come stay with me,
And brighten winter's day;
And be a blessed sunbeam
In my o'ershadowed way.

I soon shall see another spring
More beautiful than thine;
Then kiss me, little lady—'twill
Be yours as well as mine.

F. E. ASHLEY.

TWO HOURS IN A NIGHT REFUGE.

PART II.

IT was nearly six o'clock in the evening when I visited the Refuge for the second time that day. Proceeding through the paved lobby, I entered a long, narrow room, upon the floor of which were rows of what at first sight appeared to be coffins. On closer inspection, however, I found they were simply wooden bunks, in which the homeless people slept. These bunks were about forty in number, and were placed endways against the walls, leaving a free passage down the centre of the room. They contained neither mattress nor covering—a necessary arrangement, by the way, both on the score of cleanliness and economy. The walls were painted brown for about four feet from the floor, the remaining portion being whitewashed. Round the room were inscribed texts of Scripture, while lying in the bunks were various Christian periodicals. Though destitute of furniture, the room was not suggestive of discomfort. It was warm and well lit, and in the eyes of a man without a penny in his pocket, and whose only prospect of sleeping accommodation was perhaps some railway arch or doorstep, it would no doubt be as welcome a sight as the most expensively furnished bedroom.

The hour of six now sounded, and this being the time at which applicants were admitted, the superintendent, Mr. Dwyre, proceeded to open the door, which was situated at the other end of the building opposite to that at which I first entered, and opened into a back street. Following him, I left the sleeping apartment, and we entered into

the lavatory, a small room with whitewashed walls and tiled floors. Here we found an attendant, with a rough but not unkind face, awaiting us. The arrangements for washing were extremely simple. Round the two sides of the room, about three feet from the ground, ran a stone trough, while cut in the floor in front of the trough was a deep channel, into which warm water was flowing. Leading into the lavatory, and facing the entrance to the sleeping apartment was a narrow passage, at the end of which was a door. Stationing ourselves in this passage, into which a strong light was thrown by a flaring gas-burner, Mr. Dwyre drew back the bolt and opened the door. Looking out into the black night we saw, clustering round the entrance, a little crowd of men, whose figures were illuminated with weird effect as the bright light poured out into the darkness. At first the impression produced upon the mind by the powerful contrast of light and shade was so novel, that for some few seconds I could scarcely realise the scene. When I had had time to examine the men closer, I soon found that if I expected to find misery in rags and tatters, I had made a mistake in coming to the Refuge. There was nothing remarkable about the crowd. The faces were commonplace, the dresses of the majority were decent, and taken individually there was scarcely one man whose appearance would have suggested the least spark of romance to the most imaginative mind. But standing there as they did in the full blaze of light, surrounded by a gloom made more intense by contrast, with perhaps here and there a face suddenly emerging from obscurity, as a stray beam fell upon

it, and as suddenly vanishing into shadow again, there was a force and picturesqueness about the whole scene in which a painter would have revelled.

The first person who stepped forward was a short, sailor-like man, dressed in a ragged blue guernsey and tattered trousers. He had on his feet a pair of old grey stockings, covered with darts, and soddened with wet, while his shoes—or rather soles, for the uppers had quite disappeared—were fastened on in some mysterious way known only to himself. His face was clean, and his voice had nothing of that peculiar whine which marks the regular tramp. He said he had walked from Liverpool, where he had been trying to get a ship. The journey had taken him a fortnight, and he had subsisted by going to the different unions on the road. He knew where to apply in London for a ship, and only wanted a night's lodging.

"You can go in," said Mr. Dwyre.

"Shoes off! wash your face and legs—up to the knees, mind!" cried out Duffit (the attendant) in a voice of command.

The man obeyed, and divesting himself of his soles and stockings, stood in the channel where the water ran over his feet, and performed his ablutions.

The next comer was a man about sixty years of age, decently dressed, and respectable looking. He showed a little ticket to the superintendent, who, on glancing at it, merely said, "Pass in." A ticket, I afterwards found, was given to each man on his leaving the Refuge. If anything was discovered which rendered him ineligible to receive the benefits of the institution, a mark was made on the ticket, so that on presenting it he would at once be known. In this case the ticket was free from such a mark, and the man was admitted at once. After him came a tall, gaunt-looking fellow, who said he worked in a stable-yard when he could get employment. He also was admitted. Then came an applicant of a different class. He was a young man who, from his dress and appearance, one would have thought was hardly in need of relief. Unfortunately, there are many who need help besides those in ragged clothing, and it not unfrequently happens that the poorest take the greatest care to conceal their poverty.

"What are you?" asked Mr. Dwyre.

"A lawyer's clerk. I have come from Edinburgh, where I was in a lawyer's office."

"How came you to leave your employer? did you drink?"

"No; he became bankrupt, and I thought I could get something to do in London."

"Well, the best thing you can do is to get back to your friends as soon as possible. You can come in for to-night, and to-morrow we will see whether the Scottish Society cannot assist you to return to Edinburgh."

Thanking the superintendent, he passed in, receiving as he did so the usual injunction to wash.

The next applicants were two stalwart navvies in blue blouses and corduroys.

"How is it you are here, my men?"

"Well, sir, we arn't got any money, and only wanted a lodging for to-night. We got a job to go to to-morrow morning, sir."

There was no doubting the genuineness of these men. Their honest and good-humoured faces were sufficient guarantee of the truth of their statement and they were at once admitted.

"Well, have you been able to get work to-day?" said Mr. Dwyre, to the next, a respectable-looking mechanic.

"No, sir; but I think I shall soon."

"We must see what the Labour Agency will do for you."

"We've got his wife and three children upstairs," whispered Duffit to me as the man received his order of admission.

The case, it appeared, was one in which the superintendent had taken some little interest. The man was a sort of jobbing blacksmith, but had been out of work so long that he and his family were quite destitute. Desirous of preventing them becoming paupers, Mr. Dwyre had admitted the wife and children (who were very young) into the Refuge, where there was a room specially for women. The number, however, of women admitted is of necessity small, not from any lack of supply, but from the fact that it rarely happens that women of good character are compelled to wander about in search of a night's lodging. Hundreds of women there are, we all know, who prowl the streets all night long, but they have reached the lowest stage of degradation, and temporary assistance would be thrown away in their case.

After the last applicant came a painter and grainer, who had journeyed from Preston in search of work. He was allowed to enter, receiving Mr. Dwyre's injunction to listen while the advertisement sheet of the newspaper was being read. Then came a military-looking man, who said he expected to be employed on the morrow at the Army and Navy Club. Then a man past the middle age, and having somewhat the appearance of a cabman. The present it seemed was his second application.

"Where have you been looking for work?"

"At the waterside, sir. I earned half-a-crown one day, but had to make it last all the week. I had to walk about the streets last night."

He was admitted, and after him came a decent-looking old man. He was a stone-sawyer, and had been out of work for some time. He was, however, soon going to a job, and only wanted shelter for that night. This man was also allowed to enter.

"You were here last night," said Mr. Dwyre to

another applicant, who came up to the door in a sort of deprecating manner.

"Yes, sir, but I couldn't get anything to do all day."

"This is the third time you've been here. We can't take you in. You must go to the work-house."

Now here was a case totally different from any of the preceding. The applicant was a thin-faced young man, with a listless expression, and a feeble, helpless tone in his voice. It was evident from the look of his hands that he was not well acquainted with hard work. He could scarcely be called a tramp, but was one of a class, so I was informed, who, it appears, pass their time in loafing and cadging about all day, and going to a refuge, such as the one in Southwark, at night. He did not appear to relish the idea of the casual ward, and stood close to the door all the time the rest were admitted, as if hoping his sentence would be reversed. The superintendent, however, knew the character of the applicant, and was firm in his refusal. He continued his questioning of the few that now remained, until all with the exception of one man were admitted, and the door closed. The single exception was sent round to the front entrance, whither we will follow him. The man was a jobbing gardener, and had, so he said, been admitted into the Refuge two years ago. It was therefore necessary to test the truth of his story by an examination of the books. It may be mentioned that on a man being admitted for the first time his name is written in a book, and he is asked to name any one with whom he has worked. The same evening a post card is sent to the reference, so as to ascertain the correctness of the statement. If the answer is satisfactory, the man will have a chance of being admitted a second time. It may happen, however, that the reply is, "Discharged for being drunk," and when that is the case a mark is placed in the book against the man's name, to indicate that there is something not quite satisfactory about him. It frequently occurs, however, that the answer, "Not known" is returned; but this must not be taken as a decisive objection, as it is quite possible that the man may have been one among a large number, or that he has only been employed occasionally, and it is therefore not to be wondered at if his name is forgotten. In these cases the superintendent has to exercise his own discretion.

To return to the jobbing gardener. He was a half-starved, consumptive-looking individual, and, as Mr. Dwyre remarked, looked more fit for an infirmary than a night refuge. However, as his story was found to be correct, and there was no mark against his name, he was admitted. Standing in the lobby was a tall, respectable-looking woman. She appeared to be known to the superintendent,

who asked her why she had left her work. She said she did not get on very well, and wanted to come back to the Refuge.

"I can't admit you," said Mr. Dwyre; "you have had a good chance, and should have kept in your situation. What did you leave for?"

She could not give any satisfactory reason, but simply repeated that she did not get on very well. After she had gone Mr. Dwyre informed me that he was afraid it was not much use helping her. She had already been in prison more than once, and now that he had got her a situation she would not keep in it. After this explanation I was not surprised that she had been refused admission. The only applicant that now remained was a little, brisk old woman, with a large brown paper bag in her hand. She, it appeared, was quite destitute, and wanted to get to Manchester, where she had friends. She had been promised assistance by Mr. Dwyre, and had now come to pass the night in the Refuge previous to starting. The paper bag contained all the property she had in the world, and she guarded it with jealous care.

We now entered the sleeping-room once more, where the men were seated on a form placed against the wall. Their feet were bare, and two or three were reading the periodicals mentioned above. At one end of the room was a man in charge of two pails, whence issued the fragrant smell of coffee. On a tray was a pile of good-sized pieces of bread, and close to the pails was a number of tin cups. On a signal being given the men rose, and proceeded in Indian file to take each his cup, have it filled with coffee, receive a piece of bread, and return to his seat. Everything was orderly, and the men really seemed grateful for what was given them.

The supper being over, a newspaper devoted entirely to the use of mechanics and labourers out of employment was read aloud, so that those in want of such situations might know where to apply. A short address by the superintendent or by a friend followed, and after prayers each man selected a bunk, and retired to rest. At half-past five the next morning all were astir. The bunks and the floor were well scrubbed, each man taking his share. Coffee and bread were then once more partaken of, and all were out by seven o'clock.

The early hour at which the men leave possesses a great advantage, especially to workmen, since it enables them to be engaged the same day. In the casual ward the hour for leaving is eleven. Now it is quite impossible for a workman to get on any job at that hour. His chance is gone for the day, and perhaps he has to return to the workhouse in the evening simply because he was not allowed to leave early enough to obtain work.

In conclusion I may say that one secret of the success which the Refuge in the Southwark Bridge

Road has met with is the absence of any binding rule. All those who have seen many cases of poverty know how diversified they are, and how impossible it is to deal with each in precisely the same way. The objects of the institution are not merely to give shelter, but, what is still more important, to put the applicants in the way of obtaining employ-

ment, and so prevent them from becoming paupers. All persons interested in removing one of the greatest stigmas on our boasted civilisation should visit the Southwark Night Refuge, and if they do not come away benefited, they must indeed be indifferent to the great commandment, "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

SONGS AT EVENING-TIME.—IV.

BY S. J. STONE, B.A., AUTHOR OF "LYRA FIDELIUM," "THE THANKSGIVING HYMN," ETC.

RUTH IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

"So she gleaned in the field until even."—Ruth ii. 17.



N fields of Bethlehem
Fell Even's earliest ray;
On her calm front a single gem
Displaced the crown of day.

The gleaming golden crown
No longer blazed afar:
But smiling more serenely down
Glimmered the evening star.

All day the winds had slept:
No breeze's faintest sigh
O'er the low barley plains had swept,
Or stirred the palms on high.

But with the hot day's death
One woke within the west,
To soothe with charmed melodious breath
The tired earth into rest.

It swept each harvest plain:
It stirred each lordly palm;
Like the uncertain soft refrain
Of some far-dying psalm.

Fair as that sweet young night,
White-souled as that clear ray,
A damsel paused in still delight
Upon her homeward way.

The gleaner's golden spoil
Lay gathered at her feet,
Fruit of the long day's hope and toil:
For toil and hope more sweet.

Beneath the argent sheen
She heard the breeze intone,
And in the solitude serene
Felt not she was alone.

Yet all had passed away,
Reapers and lord, to rest—
Goodwill had crowned the perfect day
Each blessing each and blest.

She stood in thought and prayer,
Till prayer grew unto praise,

And such a joy fell on her there
As dimmed her upward gaze;

Joy that o'erflowed in tears,
And knew—yet knew not why—
The sure full end of woes and fears
In some redemption nigh:

Joy that o'erflowed in song—
The wordless song of bliss
That in one world shall find a tongue,
But never can in this:

Joy that is not of earth
But from the ghostly Seven:*
That hath its own mysterious birth,
Like the soul's life, from heaven.

The living soul it fills:
Not in the mind it dwells,
And not in word but mystic thrills
Its blessed tidings tells.

So in that gracious hour
She knew, yet did not know,
That from her seed earth's fairest flower
In the set time should grow.†

And to this world of doom,
Sin-sick, with sorrows rife,
Should bring the amaranthine bloom
Of loveliness and life:

God-man, to conquer death;
God-man, to win release;
God-man, to breathe with living breath
Joy, righteousness, and peace.

She knew, yet did not know;
The glorious presage lay
Dim on her reverent soul; and so
Content she went her way.

* "Grace be unto you, from the Seven Spirits which are before his throne" (Rev. i. 4). So the Holy Ghost is represented in his sevenfold fulness.

† Ruth became the ancestress of David, and so of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mother in Israel—Ruth!
 We see thee on that eve!
 Teach us, sweet prophetess of truth,
 To work and to believe.

Ours be the earnest will,
 Ours the untiring hand
 That through the long day gathers still,
 And in an alien land:

That gathers to the close,
 And then, when labours cease,

Ours the full heart that finds repose
 In mere than earthly peace:

In vision of that bliss
 Which yet we cannot know,
 Yet from its own fair world to this
 Doth in glad earnest flow—

To trusting souls and pure,
 That so toil on till eve,
 That, till the fields are gleaned, endure,
 And, till they know, believe.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE BIRD.

BY JOHN G. WATTS, AUTHOR OF "TALES AND SONGS."

DICK THE BARBER.—PART I.



JOHN had barely finished his story when, without waiting for the conductor to stop the omnibus, he tumbled dexterously to the ground, and clutching his bag of clothes with one hand and my cage with the other, made straight for an establishment which seemed open to all comers, and held out to the weary and hungry wayfarer most alluring invitations in letters of gold—such as, "Hot joints at One," "Beds," "Chops and Steaks," "Tea and Coffee." The child of the ocean paused for an instant to gaze upon an illustration of what, for the time being, was offered in the way of meat. It was a specimen plate, so to speak—a plate of mutton chops; and most becomingly supported by a moss-basket of lily-white eggs upon one hand, and three rashers of streaky bacon on the other. We entered. The hostess, a comely, portly dame of at least fifty summers, recognised John as an old customer. He had lodged and boarded here when last ashore, and finding himself fairly treated, had now, like sensible fellow, returned. Having engaged a room, he carried me to it, and, after replenishing my seed and water vessels, smartened himself up a bit and took his departure. Now, although I say it, there are few birds more particular than myself with regard to personal cleanliness, so I seized the chance of going through my own toilet. By scattering my water pretty freely and plying my bill rather vigorously, I managed in less than an hour to get myself fairly in order, though my plumage was still far from what I could have wished, my irregular life of late having sadly disarranged it. A looking-glass opposite my cage greatly assisted the work, and I could see every improvement I made. This task ended I beguiled another hour with a song, feeling more contented and happy than I had ever been since quitting the pedlar's cottage. Towards evening the sailor returned, but with a sorrowful downcast look. The superintendent of the ragged school, he had learned,

had been dead more than six months. Having again washed, brushed, and made a trifling change of clothes, he once more sallied forth, this time carrying me with him. In a quarter of an hour we were amid the scenes of his early days. John found Sly Lane little altered in itself, though many of the old inhabitants had given place to others, and a new generation of ragged, dirty children was running in and out its courts and alleys. The "Admiral Hardy" gin palace alone, he afterwards remarked, seemed to have made any great improvement. It had grown indeed!—was at least twice as big and three times as brilliant as when he had last beheld it. Grown! No wonder, it had swallowed up the butcher's and the baker's on either side of it, and high up its front, like the eye of one of those giants invented by the poets, was a large glass-faced clock which, when illuminated by night, seemed to glare with a menace upon the whole neighbourhood. The sailor sauntered slowly along until opposite a shop over the door of which was erected a long pole, entwined with bands of red, white, and blue paint. On one pane of glass "Shave well for a penny" was written, on another, "Razors set," and upon a third, "Teeth extracted," and judging from the display of grinders beneath, this locality appeared to be much afflicted with one of the greatest plagues in life. "Richard Trimmer, Hairdresser," was emblazoned in yellow letters upon a pea-green shield on either doorpost. The door yielded to the slightest touch, and we entered. It was a small, clean shop, hung around with bird-cages. In the centre of the red sanded floor stood the barber's chair, an old-fashioned high-backed Windsor. A very small stove, with a very small fire, held upon its diminutive hob a tin pot of hot water; while combs and brushes and razors ornamented a narrow kind of shelf by the window. The tinkle of a bell, which the swing of the door had set in motion, brought in a small thin-faced, bald-headed old man wearing a white apron and having his shirt-sleeves turned up to the elbows. His counte-

nance was anything but cheerful, but he looked as clean as if he were in the habit of spending all his leisure in shampooing himself.

"Shave, sir?" he asked with a bow.

"No, thankee," said John.

"Hair cut, sir?"

"Nor that either."

"Curled sir, then?" this with a perplexed air.

"Not for me."

"Then it must be a tooth you want out?"

"Wrong again!" laughed John.

"Ah, then I must give it up and ask what your business with me really is," said the barber, growing paler.

"Why, Richard, am I so much altered?"

"Well, really, I—I think I have some—some recollection of you, sir, but really you have quite the advantage of me. You see, sir, I am in the habit of receiving so many visitors that it is excusable if I should forget a face now and then."

"But surely you haven't forgot little Jack Soaper, whose first customer you were when he set up in the watercress trade?"

"What! You don't mean to say you're the same?"

"I do though."

"Lor, how you have altered!" Carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, he held out his little delicate hand, to which John in his heartiness administered a grip that brought the old gentleman on to the tips of his toes.

"Gracious! how strong you are!" he squeaked out.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," returned my friend, relaxing his hold. Then taking a seat, he asked with a smile, "Well, Richard, and how does the world use you?"

"Oh, only middling of late," was his reply; "trade is not so good as it was, and I've been shocking unlucky with my birds. I lost a goldfinch last week that was a perfect beauty. It understood me better than any bird I ever had, and it would draw its own water so prettily it charmed everybody. Only two months back I had a piping bullfinch die; and just after that my starling, that I'd been offered five pounds for, and that could whistle 'Jim Crow,' note for note, from beginning to end, got out of his cage. He hung about the neighbourhood for several days, and I had hopes of recovering him, but no; he'd let us get close to him when he would whistle, 'Wheel about, and turn about, and do just so,' and off he'd fly. At last he disappeared altogether."

"Bad luck—bad luck indeed! But come now I think I can make some little break in the tide of misfortune. I am going to present you with another

goldfinch, and here he is," said John, at the same moment producing my cage from a corner wherein I had escaped the barber's observation.

The latter instantly brightened up. "Ah!" said he, "and a nice little fellow too." I gave a bit of a flutter, "Something the matter with his wing though, and he seems lame with the right leg. Well, I'll accept him, with all his faults, and with much pleasure too. I do not possess a bird of the kind; I've canaries, linnets, and mules, but never a goldfinch."

"Well," said John, "I'm glad you don't refuse him, because I'm sure you'll take care of him. You're the only friend I have left now. And I couldn't very well take him to sea with me, though he has made one voyage, and a pretty rough un too."

"Has he, indeed? was it a long as well as a rough one?"

This question, on the part of the hairdresser and dentist, led John into the narration of my rescue from the wreck, which seemed greatly to interest his listener.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

211. Point out anything remarkable in the manner in which St. John refers to the feast of the Passover.

212. There are three places in which John the Baptist appears to have exercised his ministry. Name them.

213. Quote the two verses in which Christ is set forth as the Creator, the Life, and the Light of the world.

214. Give the two instances in which Christ manifested himself with power in the Temple at Jerusalem.

215. Show that Jewish prophecy expired with a prediction of Christ's death on its lips.

216. Quote the passage in which our Lord applies the name "Jesus Christ" to himself.

217. A statement made by the Jews at our Lord's trial is an acknowledgment on their part that "the sceptre had departed from Judah." Give it.

218. Point out the differences noticeable in the call of St. Matthew, as related by himself, and by St. Mark and St. Luke.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 527.

202. Hymenæus and Philetus (2 Tim. ii. 17, 18).

203. John iv. 6.

204. The message sent to the King of Edom. See Numb. xx. 16.

205. Bochim (Judg. ii. 1—5).

206. Acts iv. 25, 26; xiii. 33; Heb. i. 5.

BIBLE NOTES.

THE TWO SONS (Matt. xxi. 28-32).



UR Lord, in his supremacy, had compelled those who set themselves up as the guides and instructors of the people to exhibit themselves in the sheerest ignorance in the midst of a crowd (verses 23-27). He now went further, and constrained them to bear testimony themselves of their crime, while he proposed to them parables which had reference to them, and from which he allowed them to draw their own conclusions.

"What think ye? A certain man had two sons." In this parable the Saviour passed before the view of his enemies the two sons of one father, whom he would send to work in his vineyard. The first as saying "No" to the command, yet afterwards repenting and going; the other as saying "Yes," and nevertheless not going. He requires from them the decision which of the two did the will of the father. They cannot help answering, "The first." Under this image are described the two great divisions of men—those who do, and those who do not perform the task allotted to them in the world which represents God's vineyard. Of one of these classes Christ's open enemies, during his sojourn on earth, were representatives; of the second the publicans and harlots, who gladly heard the words that proceeded out of his mouth, and who forsook their callings, either of business or vice, may be regarded as specimens.

"He came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." This is the command given to every human being. It is an injunction laid on all to use the talents entrusted by God to each person's charge. This trust the publicans and harlots and all open and notorious sinners neglected and despised; but when the Baptist came preaching the doctrine of repentance for the remission of sins, numbers of these flocked after him. The answer given to his father by the son first bidden to go was rude in the extreme. No reason is given for so firm a refusal; there is a harshness in the words which nothing can mitigate. In this respect he is the representative of careless, reckless men and women, who, when first made acquainted with God's will concerning them, lend a deaf ear to the earnest entreaties made of them to turn from their wickedness and live—to do some work worthy of those whom God calls his sons; but afterwards they repent and do such things as are pleasing and acceptable in his sight.

"And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir: and went not." The scribes and Pharisees professed themselves to be close adherents to the law. They were loud in their

talk, but weak in their actions. When John appeared to them in the way of righteousness, not as a fanatic, but thoroughly authenticated according to the Old Testament law and by his own righteous life, they would have nothing to do with him. He summoned them as well as others to repentance; it was then that they shone in their true colours; they professed to do God's work, and did it not. They said they would go and work in the vineyard, and yet they "went not." These are representatives of people in our own days who are satisfied that they are in the right way, and flatter themselves that they are doing God's service, when in reality their works spring not from faith, and though they seem to blossom and flourish, still, having no root in themselves, fall when put to the test.

"Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first." It was impossible that they could have answered otherwise; there was no loophole whereby they might escape from giving a direct answer, and therefore out of their own mouths issued their own condemnation.

"Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." This is the application Christ made of the acknowledgment wrung from those who were so lately his questioners. They are told that the kingdom is still attainable by them; but that they must be content to enter it after the publicans and harlots. They had allowed them to take the lead in entering into the kingdom which was proclaimed to both classes alike. He tells them in effect that the kingdom is open for them, though they had hitherto ignored the way that led thereto. They were guilty of a three-fold crime in refusing to believe in the Baptist who came to them in "the way of righteousness." They ought to have set an example of faith in him to the people, and they did not. They ought in this particular at least to have done what the publicans and harlots had done, but they failed. They ought to have profited by the example of those who amended their ways at the bidding of a prophet; this they did not do, but continued to look down upon and despise those who, in their eyes were the refuse of the society of which they regarded themselves as the leaders. St. Matthew, who alone of the evangelists records this parable, observes that those to whom it was addressed—the chief priests and Pharisees—had perceived the meaning of this and the following parable, and in their wrath would have liked to lay hold on Him; but they were restrained from so doing by their fear of the people, who honoured Jesus as a prophet.